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**A Plea for the Widow and Orphan against the Traffic
in Alcohol.**

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED IN THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

ADRIAN,

MARCH 18, 1860,

BY THE

REV. B. COCKER, Pastor.

CHICAGO:

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FROM THE HEIRS OF
GEORGE C. DEMPSEY

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADRIAN, March 22, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—The young men connected with the Church and Congregation of which you are the esteemed Pastor, believing that the best interests of society would be promoted by the publication of the discourse delivered by you in the M. E. Church in this city on the evening of the 18th instant, have appointed the undersigned a committee to ask a copy for publication.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,

C. RYND, M. D.,
A. E. ANGEL.

To REV. B. COCKER.

ADRIAN, March, 24, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—In complying with your request to furnish copy of Sabbath evening's discourse, I am influenced more by my affection for "the young men of our Church and Congregation" than by any idea that the Discourse is at all worthy the attention of the public. If, however, it may be regarded as a memorial of the pleasant hours and happy Sabbaths I have spent with them, I shall have my fullest gratification.

Yours, truly,

BENJAMIN COCKER.

To DR. RYND and MR. A. E. ANGEL,

Committee, &c.

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DISCOURSE.

Jeremiah xxii. 3:—“Thus saith the Lord: Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor: and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood in this place.”

THE opinion is very generally entertained, in certain quarters, that the minister of religion has no right to interfere in the correction of political evils, or the redress of social wrongs. Indeed there is a class of political partisans who have labored hard to give currency and authority to the opinion that the only legitimate province of the minister is to expound theological dogmas—that his pulpit discussions are to be narrowed down within the rigid limits of a certain number of “articles of faith”—and that he has no business to lift up his voice in the denunciation of national sins, or seek, through the pulpit, to act upon and influence public opinion in order to the effecting of social reforms. Should he step outside this narrow enclosure, he is instantly condemned as a “political preacher,” and admonished to attend to his own affairs.

Now, as ministers of religion, we claim to understand as well as any other class of men in the community, the precise nature of our duties and the proper sphere of our activities. We presume to know our place, and to understand our responsibilities without being instructed by any politician; and we are not to be deterred from the performance of the duty which we believe we owe to God and to society, by the displeasure and opposition of men who have a pecuniary interest in crime, and who live on the gains of unrighteousness.

The minister of religion has not, by entering the sacred office, surrendered his rights and privileges as a citizen, or released himself from the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. He has still as deep and vital an interest in all the social and political questions of the day as any other citizen. His own fire-side is as dear to him—his civil and political rights are as precious to him—and the social and moral condition of the community in which his sons and daughters are to live, is a matter of as deep concernment to him as to any other man. He feels that, in his measure, he is responsible for the

condition of society around him, as all other citizens are—that if there is a great laxity of morals in the city in which he dwells, and wholesome laws are trampled on and defied, he and they are alike to blame. It is his duty, just as it is the duty of every citizen, to labor for the correction of social and political evils, and he has just as much right as any man in the community to wield all the influence with which his name, and character, and office invest him, to oppose *wrong* in every form.

If I live under a government which secures me protection and freedom—which defends me from annoyance and injury by others, and secures me full scope for the pursuit of happiness, whilst I do not annoy and injure others,—then it is my duty, and I am bound to exert my utmost vigilance, to maintain the authority of its laws, and see they are not trampled upon with impunity. As a good citizen I am bound to do this; as a Christian I am doubly bound to do so; and we have no hesitation in asserting that he is unworthy the high prerogatives of manhood and the protection and privileges of good citizenship, whether layman or minister, who is unwilling to shoulder a fair share of this responsibility, and confront the malignity of those who are engaged in an *illegal* and *immoral* traffic.

We remark further, they do not understand what Christianity *is*, who assert that the minister of Christ has no right to direct his pulpit ministrations against social evils, and national sins.

Such individuals are evidently under the erroneous impression that the only purpose of Christianity is, to console those who are afflicted, to attend upon those who are dying, and secure their safety and happiness beyond the grave—that it is chiefly concerned with a future life, and little, if at all, with this. Now we affirm that religion has just as much to do with the affairs of this world as with the concerns of the next; the direct and specific aim of Christianity is to remedy the political and social evils of *this* world, and to regenerate human society here upon earth—it seeks to make this wilderness world rejoice and blossom as the rose, just as much as to people the celestial cities—to establish the reign of Right upon the earth just as much as to secure eternal blessedness

in Heaven. Indeed, my friends, Christianity deals far more with practical, than with speculative truth—it teaches man how to *live* rather than how to *die*—tells him much more about what he is to *do* than what he is to *believe*. The teachings of Christ are eminently practical: His “Sermon on the Mount” is the most detailed and elaborate specimen of his preaching we possess, and it is all practical truth throughout; the religion which He founded is applicable to all the concerns of domestic, social, and political life, and He designed that his followers should, in all their relations, govern themselves by its principles. A Christian is therefore bound by his profession—by his duty to God—by his allegiance to Christ, to carry his religion into his politics, his business, and his domestic life. As Dr. Wheedon has justly remarked “Christianity demands, and has the right to prevade every department of the life of a responsible being, private and public, social and civil;” and it is the office and duty of the Christian minister to enforce that demand, and show its application to every department of life. “Nor ought the pulpit hush itself at the bidding of prince or people.” We are not claiming, for the pulpit, the right to discuss matters of mere secular expediency—as “national banks” and “free trade tariffs,”—but we do assert for it the place and duty of faithfully and fearlessly applying the Divine law to *all* crime, high or low, individual or national. “Whenever you hear a statesman or a politician asserting that religion has nothing to do with politics, or social customs, or business transactions, you may be sure there is villainy at the root.”

There are others who entertain the unworthy opinion of the Christian ministry, that its occupant is simply to expound the views and echo the sentiments of those to whom he ministers, and consequently there are many in Christian congregations, yea, even in Christian churches, whose demand is very much like that made upon the Prophets of old, by the corrupt and sensual Jews: “Speak unto us smooth things—prophesy not unto us in the name of the Lord.”

We stand here, not to expound the views of any particular church, or of any party in our own church, but to speak in the name of God, and on behalf of thousands of families which are being robbed and desolated, and tens of thousands of our

fellow men who are being destroyed, body and soul, by the traffic in alcoholic beverages; and we call upon you as law-makers, and law-executors, and a professedly law-abiding community, to "execute judgment and righteousness, to deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor,"—and spoiler—"to maintain the cause of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow," and permit not the health and happiness, and lives of our fellow-citizens, to be sacrificed by a traffic which is *immoral* in itself—which is condemned as *illegal* by the laws of our State—which is reprobated by all good men, and blighted by the curse of a righteous God.

There are *three* gigantic evils which of late years have acquired a fearful power and ascendancy in this city, and which are alike condemned and proscribed by the laws of nature, the laws of our State, and the written laws of God; these are *intemperance, gambling and licentiousness*. Here is a Trinity of evils which, like Milton's fiend, spreads its dark wings over our city, and as

"The locust cloud wrapt in the eastern wind
That o'er the realm of impious Pharoah hung
Like night, and darkened all the land."

Here is a Upas tree planted in the heart of our city, which during the last three years, has flourished with amazing rapidity, and spread its rank and poisonous vegetation over our hearths and homes, and beneath its deadly shade, social order and domestic happiness, and manly virtue, and female purity, and business integrity, are drooping and withering away. The main root of all these evils—the peculiar nutriment on which this deadly Upas feeds, is *alcohol*. Were this withdrawn, these evils would comparatively disappear—this noxious, pestilential growth would die.

Alcohol, then, we regard as the master evil. It is the greatest enemy to domestic happiness, and social order, and public morality, with which we have to deal; and under all its names and forms, we arraign it at the bar of the enlightened Christian conscience of this assembly, as a *deceiver*, a *robber*, and an *assassin*.

Alcohol, under every name and form, is a *deceiver*.

So says the word of unerring Wisdom,—*"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby is not*

wise." "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This language of inspiration is in perfect harmony with the findings of physiology and the facts of experience. All the states of feeling which are produced by the drinking of alcoholic beverages, are unnatural and delusive; under their influence a man imagines himself to be healthier, and stronger, and wiser than he really is. Alcohol stimulates the mental and physical powers, but it does not strengthen them. It excites the feelings, accelerates the circulation of the blood, and increases the action of the brain for the moment, and then leaves a corresponding depression, both of the body and mind. This is a well ascertained physiological law. The pendulum must vibrate to the opposite extreme. When the stimulus has expended its force the system sinks just as much below the plane of its healthy, normal action, as it had been raised above it, and even more. So, that instead of increasing a man's strength, it really wastes and squanders it. "Alcohol," says Dr. Carpenter, "when applied to the living tissues, in a sufficiently diluted form, *exalts* for a time their vital activity; but that exaltation is *always* followed by a corresponding *depression*." In this respect, "Wine is a *mock*er." Its first effect is to exhilarate, its next to stupify, its next to madden. It first makes a man merry, then foolish, then wretched. Taken in large quantities, it, in the first stage intoxicates, in the next produces coma, and then results the drunkard's deep and dreamless sleep, which "knows no waking."

Alcohol mocks man by false hopes and delusive expectations. He looks upon the wine when it is red; it sparkles in the cup; it moves itself invitingly; it says, "drink of me, I can make you vigorous and happy and wise," and with the very first draught it spreads a strange enchantment over him, such as no other food or drink exerts. Under its influence he feels a strong *desire* for more, and when its influence is exhausted he feels he *needs* more, because he is languid and depressed. Thus, by degrees it acquires a mastery and ascendancy over his entire being, so that he becomes its *slave*. And when it has brought him into the meanest and most abject bondage, a slavery to his inferior nature, it assumes its real character—it

bites like a serpent and stings like the deadly adder. Yes, it is a *mock*er. It promises man health, but it engenders disease. It promises strength, but it induces mental imbecility and physical weakness. It promises man happiness, but it produces misery. It offers him life, and it brings him death.

You have read in classic story of the Sirenes sitting on the coast of the enchanted isle, singing to allure, smiling to deceive, and then throwing their arms around their victims and leaping with them into the deadly pool. So it is with Alcohol. It presents itself under endless forms and names that it may the more effectually deceive. It creeps insiduously into the family circle, hides itself under the garb of social custom, and even of Christian hospitality; it offers itself as a "cordial" to weakness, an "anodyne" to pain, a "stimulus" to the drooping spirits, but under every name and form it distills its deadly poison, and deludes and deceives that it may the more effectually *destroy*.

"Wine is a *mock*er." This is no mere figure of rhetoric, no mere poetic creation; it is a photograph of real life. You know from your own observations, and, mayhap, by your own bitter experience, that this is a stern and sorrowful truth. Oh, were it not too painful we might rehearse the story of ruin, and find a sad illustration in the history of your only boy. We might draw a picture of his days of innocence and purity, when his breath had never been tainted, or his taste corrupted by strong drink. You labored to form his character to habits of sobriety and integrity, and you felt a flush of parental pride when you saw how his little heart was moved with indignation in the presence of cruelty and wrong, and how he was shocked at the sight of the staggering drunkard. He went forth into the world surrounded with all the safeguards to virtue which you could throw around him, accompanied by a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. But at the house of your friend, (not your real friend, I fear,) he looked for the first time upon the wine as it gave its color in the cup, and moved itself with a strange fascination; he drank his first glass; he acquired the fatal taste; the foundations of his character were slowly undermined; he lost his self-control, and then his self-respect, and before he knew whither he was drifting, he was whirled into the maelstrom of intemperance, and you received

the sad and sickening intelligence that your once virtuous and lovely boy had become a total wreck, and you will carry with you to the grave the effects which that sad intelligence produced, in your furrowed cheeks, and frosty head, and sorrowful countenance, and agonized heart! This is the moral history of thousands, and tens of thousands of young men who are every year being led astray by this *deceiver*.

2. Alcohol, under every name and form is a *robber*. He robs man of his money, his virtue, his character, his health and his reason.

Alcohol robs man of his money and gives him no honest and fair equivalent. Alcohol robs this city annually of more than *sixty thousand dollars*, which, were it turned into the legitimate channels of trade and commerce, or expended on literature and education, would contribute immensely to our moral and social elevation.

Alcohol robs the nation, annually, according to the estimate of Judge Cranch, of Washington, of more than *one hundred millions of dollars*, and it gives us nothing in return but pauperism and crime. It reduces tens of thousands to beggary and want, and crowds our prisons, our poor-houses and our lunatic asylums, with paupers and criminals and lunatics, which our sober and industrious tax-payers have to sustain.

Alcohol robs the poor drunkard's wife of the affections of her husband, of the comforts of a home, of all domestic felicity, and of that honor and protection and companionship which he promised her in his plighted love, and his marriage vows. It robs his children of clothing and food, of education and moral training, of paternal solicitude and love, and you may see these innocent sufferers wandering in our streets in mid-winter, poorly clad and fed, soliciting alms—Alcohol has robbed them of their *all*.

Alcohol robs a man of his character and virtues. He who becomes an intemperate man will soon become, in most respects, a *wicked* man. Alcohol will rob him of his integrity, of his sense of honor, of his humane feeling, and it will indurate and harden his heart just as it hardens his brain. The drunkard will, in all human likelihood become a blasphemer, a gambler, a dishonest tradesman, and a licentious man. In-

temperance is a hydra-headed monster—the prince of all unclean demons, who marches all the other evils in his train ;—

“ Oh thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no other name to be known by
We will call thee Devil.”

Alcohol robs man of his health by sowing in his system the fruitful seeds of numerous diseases. Dr. Carpenter, of London, the ablest living physiologist, tells us that moderate drinking—not intemperate excess merely—but regular moderate drinking produces inflammation of the mucus membrane of the stomach; inflammatory gastric dyspepsia; diseases of the liver and kidneys, of the heart and arteries; gout; paralysis; epilepsy; and apoplexy. And finally, Alcohol robs man of his *reason*—the noblest gift of God. It stultifies a man every time he comes under its influence; it makes an unmitigated fool of him every time he is drunk. It enfeebles his understanding, induces stolidity; and leaves thousands permanently *insane*. The best medical authority in our land pronounce it the predisposing cause of delirium tremens, oinomania and insanity. Well might Shakspeare exclaim,

“ Oh that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their *brains*.

3. Alcohol is a *murderer*—a wholesale murderer. It destroys in Great Britian alone 60,000 annually, and in these United States 1,000 per week; and in the most moderate computation it is believed that, throughout the world, 800,000 human beings are annually poisoned by this drug, and buried in the drunkard's grave.

Alcohol is a ravenous monster which has destroyed more than Molech or Mars, and spread more desolation on the earth than pestilence and famine. It is the master-foe of God and man. It has raised villany into a science. Cunning and cruelty are its chosen counsellors. No agencies are too mean, no tools too base and contemptible for its use. Blood is not too sacred to buy, nor religion too Divine to sell. Could we only see Alcohol embodied, what an hideous monster should we behold!—a monster without a heart—whose eyes know no tears—who is deaf to the cry of the sufferer—and who will neither pity nor spare. With more than the hundred hands of a Briareus he grasps at everything lovely and

pure, and, casting it to the dust, tramples it under his iron heel. He marches through the world dragging heavily his swarm of victims. There are 300,000 drunkards chained to his chariot wheels, and there are 800,000 widows and orphans, a wailing multitude, following in the train.

Now, if it be true that Alcohol is thus a deceiver, and a robber, and a murderer, then we have no hesitation in affirming also, *that the dealer in alcoholic beverages is an accomplice in this work of deception, and robbery, and murder.* In the judgment of a righteous God—in the solemn verdict of an enlightened conscience, he is declared an *accomplice*, and by the laws of every Christian land he ought to be so regarded and adjudged.

The traffic in alcoholic beverages is an *immoral* traffic. The sale of alcoholic drinks, except for medicinal purposes, is a traffic in which no Christian man, no moral man, no honest man, can engage.

It is now a well established *fact*—a fact which no intelligent man presumes to deny, that *alcohol is a poison*—a poison just as much as strychnine, arsenic, opium or belladonna. It is so classified in all works on Toxicology. Its habitual use is destructive to health; its immoderate use is fatal to human life. *Alcohol is a poison*—so says Dr. Carpenter: "*The condition of drunkenness in all its stages is one of poisoning.*"* If alcohol be a poison, then it is a social crime—a moral wrong—to sell it indiscriminately to little children, and reckless boys, and ill-informed females, and ignorant, and misguided, and half-idiotic men.

During the past year the people of England were thrown into the greatest consternation by a number of persons being poisoned in the town of Bradford, through the carelessness of a druggist, who sold arsenic instead of plaster of Paris to a lozenge manufacturer. The druggist was arrested, convicted of manslaughter, and sent to prison; and *justly*, too, because he had no need to make, and ought not to have made such a wicked mistake. The British parliament made it a penal offence to sell any poison, except in the smallest quantities,—

* It is needless to add further authorities, or we might quote Prof. Miller, of Edinburgh, Dr. Condie, of Philadelphia, Prof. Palmer, of the Michigan University. See especially, Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence," 4th Am. Ed., p. 166, and U. S. Dispensatory, 11th Ed. page 67.

with the order of a physician, or in the presence of a witness—and always labelled in large letters, POISON. The legislature of Ohio, in view of the fact that a few persons had been destroyed by arsenic, passed a law, making it a penal offense to sell the poison without mixing some coloring matter with it, so that its presence might be easily detected. *Now, if it be wrong to sell one poison to all who may come to buy, it is wrong to sell another.* If it is a penal offense to sell one kind indiscriminately, it ought to be made a penal offense to sell another kind indiscriminately. In England, during the past year, there did not occur more than 100 cases of poisoning by strychnine or arsenic, and more than one-half of these cases were purely accidental; but there were 60,000 poisoned by alcohol—poisoned for gain—poisoned to enrich the dealers in intoxicating drinks. There are perhaps *two* cases of poisoning per week in this country by arsenic,—there are *one thousand* a week poisoned by alcohol—slowly poisoned, and therefore more basely poisoned—“killed with a living death.” What indignation was excited in the public mind by the conduct of the man Stephens, lately executed in the State of New York, who administered small doses of arsenic, daily to his wife, for weeks, till she pined away under its effects, and at last died. Language is inadequate to express the malignity and devilishness of such an act; and yet the dealers in intoxicating drinks are administering small doses of *poison* every day, to thousands—not, certainly, under the influence of malice or revenge, but under the influence of a *meaner* passion, *avarice*,—they are administering small doses, which kill in the long run as surely as arsenic kills; and 50,000 human beings in these United States are sacrificed every year, to the cupidity and selfishness of this *accursed* traffic.

This traffic is *immoral*, because it *creates and lives upon crime*. The money that is made in this business, is money made by the sin and ruin of our fellow men. No man, surely, can be found, who would assert that intemperance is not a crime! It is a crime against nature, against society, against God. The drunkard sins against his own manhood, against his own family, against God; and the dealer in intoxicating liquors makes money by his *sin*. That dealer knows well that his victim, when he has taken a *first* glass, will take a

second and a *third*, until he becomes intoxicated. Will he withhold the drug when he has drank the first or second glass? No! Just so long as he has money, he will sell him drink.

It is an *immoral* traffic, because it is characterized by the most *heartless selfishness*. The liquor dealer knows, as the poor drunkard stands beside his counter or lounges about his saloon, that his family are starving at home, around a few crumbs and embers, and that he is receiving the money by which they ought to be clothed and fed. He knows that these, his victims, are being destroyed to increase his gains. He can see in their bloated countenances, their palsied hands, their unsteady gait, their drivelling, half-idiotic utterances that they are being *poisoned*, are reeling madly to a drunkard's grave, and soon their wives will be widows, and their children orphans. He knows—cannot but know—that the cup he puts into their hands is *mixed with disease, and pauperism, and crime, and death*. Before a man can enter this business he must denude himself of all humane feeling, of all moral sensibility, of all conscience, of all fear of God. And he must have within him a heart of stone, and within that a demon's heart, to persevere in it from day to day, surrounded with all the woe and wretchedness, the beastiality and the crime, which the traffic creates. Of all the enormities of this *immoral* traffic, the most appalling is the *heartlessness* and inhumanity which it engenders. The dealer will take the last cent a man has in the world for liquor, and then thrust him out into the street, where the officer of the law may seize him and escort him to jail for being *made* drunk. When these traffickers in liquid death have utterly beggared and ruined him, they will not contribute one dime to keep him out of the poor-house; when death knocks at his door they will not visit him in sickness; when he is dead the town may pay the expenses of his funeral, and his desolated family may be supported by Christian charity, for they will not give them a loaf of bread, and "they will drink ridicule to his memory out of his own skull, and roar in bacchanalian revelry over his damnation."

The gains of this traffic are all stained with *blood*, and blackened and blighted by the curse of God. The saloons of this city smoke with blood—"the blood of souls." The cry of "murder" rings out upon the midnight air. "The blood of

our brother, Abel, crieth unto God from the ground." The voice of lamentation and mourning is heard in once happy homes, and the hopes of Heaven and earth are being buried beneath the blighting scoria and ashes which these infernal volcanoes are belching out upon our land. Thousands and tens of thousands of immortal souls are being hurled headlong into the bottomless pit; and when God shall "make inquisition for blood"—and he will do so as sure as we are now living—he will require the blood of these souls at the saloon-keepers' hands.

Let me here give you the words of John Wesley on the liquor traffic. We quote from his memorable sermon "on the use of money:" "Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquid fire, commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true, they may have a place in medicine; they may be of use, in some bodily disorders. * * Therefore, such as prepare them, and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse them. But all who sell them in the common way are poisoners, general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their graves; a fire that burneth to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there; the foundations, the floor, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O, man of blood, thou that art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day; canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in Heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

The liquor traffic is an *illegal* traffic. The sale of ardent spirits is, by the law of our State, rendered a penal offence;

and therefore it is a business in which no *law-abiding* citizen can engage.

Obedience to the laws, and a constant vigilance to maintain their authority, is the duty of every citizen. On this depends the security, and well-being, and happiness of society. And he is an enemy to good order, and public security, and the well-being of society, who violates, or in any way gives his countenance, or sanction to the violation of the laws of the land. Here then is a *law*, not made *for* you by some absolute and irresponsible power, like the despots of Europe; but made *by* you, the sovereign people of Michigan, and especially confirmed by a majority vote of 20,000 of the orderly, respectable and law-abiding people of this State, making it a penal offense to sell ardent spirits. The man, therefore, who violates this law, is just as much a law-breaker as the horse-thief, the burglar, or the circulator of counterfeit money; he stands in the same category, must be so adjudged in public opinion, and so treated by the public tribunals.

We regret, exceedingly, that one of our city papers, which *ought* to wield all its influence in behalf of sobriety and social order, has characterized this law as impracticable, unjust and tyrannical. It is alleged that this law interferes with the private rights of citizens. But we would ask, most respectfully, has the drunkard's wife no rights to be respected? Have his children no claim upon the protection and guardianship of law? Have the sober and virtuous citizens no right to demand that their moral sentiments shall not be outraged, and social order trampled upon by a business which is necessarily *immoral*? A traffic which is fruitful of so much domestic infelicity and social disorder—which produces so much disease and crime, and which increases the burden of our taxation, surely ought to be controlled and curbed, and, as far as possible, *suppressed* by law.

We are told to use "moral suasion," and let the traffic alone. We desire to live in peace with all men, and would be glad to let the traffic alone if it would let us alone. *But this traffic will not let us alone.* It attacks our pockets. Who pays the increased taxation imposed upon us by this traffic? Who supports the paupers and the lunatics made by intemperance? Who feeds and clothes the drunkard's children? The sober

and virtuous part of the community. *This traffic will not let us alone.* We are men who have hearts to feel for the woes and sorrows of our fellow creatures, and this traffic distresses every sensibility of our souls. That poor drunkard is our brother; his wife and his children have a claim upon our sympathies; and we are shocked and agonized when we see how their happiness and health, and life, are being sacrificed by this traffic. *This traffic will not let us alone.* We profess to be Christians, and we see that this traffic is gorging the mouth of hell with victims. We suffer in our pockets, and in our souls. We suffer as men, as citizens, as Christians, by this traffic, and we cannot and dare not let it alone.

In conclusion, we appeal to you in behalf of the 600,000 drunkards in our land who are bereft of their manhood, and are the helpless prey of the rum-seller; on behalf of 50,000 human beings who are this year being poisoned and trampled mercilessly into their graves by the traffic; in behalf of tens of thousands of desolated families, and hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans, and we ask you to *execute judgment and righteousness, to deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler, to maintain the cause of the stranger, the fatherless and the widow, neither permit innocent blood to be shed in this place.* To this appeal there are some who will answer, "Yes we will;" but there are many more that say, "NO!" They have not yet suffered enough. The annual conscription of this accursed traffic must be met. Pauperism and crime must have fresh recruits. There are homes yet to be desolated, and graves yet to be filled, and hell is yet to be surfeited. "On with the slaughter!" shouts the demagogue, the corrupt politician, the heartless, conscienceless dealer; and a host of private drinkers say "Amen."